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The Devil's host



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Chapter 1 by Dark Knight Gwyn

The day the Devil died

The final battle

Gabriel advanced through legions of demons, slashing and hacking as she tore through their lines. She beheaded several officers, impaled six captains, disemboweled three generals, all in steady climb toward the commander general himself. "You die today, Satan" she cried "No more innocent lives will be lost in this madness that begun! This war ends here!", she proclaimed as she unfurled her wings and flew to the demon's headquarters.

As Gabriel crashed through the window, she narrowly avoided a ebony colored crossbow bolt that would have killed her had she not dodged in the nick of time. "A little slow, angel." A deep velvety voice drawled from the bolt had been fired. Gabriel's head snapped to where the voice had come from. "A little fast, Satan." Gabriel shot back, spitting the word Satan out like a curse. Satan chuckled, "I sense hostility, my dear Gabriel. Might I ask what the problem might be?." The handsome sounding devil king asked with a slightly mocking tone. "Damn you Satan, damn you. What is the meaning of this violence? Why do you want to take over the mortal world? What is your purpose?" "My purpose? My purpose? Why my dear naive Archangel, what else could it be but power?" "Power?!" "Yes, my lovely, power. It makes the world go round and it makes me

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A golden angelic greatsword and silver demonic Claymore clashed as their wielders fought for dominance. "Why?! Why, were you not satisfied with the power you already had? Why would you cause all of this death, suffering, and disaster." Gabriel began the verbal spar as they pushed away from one another and she slashed at his exposed midsection. Satan maneuvered and out of the range of the greatsword and swung his own Claymore, attempting to decapitate his adversary in a single fluid motion. "Why should I be satisfied with that pitiful cesspit that you call an fief? I am a king, and a king needs a proper kingdom!" Satan exclaimed as he delivered a swift kick to Gabriel's side with his heavily armored greave "Greedy bastard..." Gabriel hissed through gritted so as not give her foe the satisfaction of hearing her pain. She gripped her sword tightly yet comfortably. Gabriel stalked toward her opponent slowly, like a jungle cat stalking it's prey, waiting for the perfect opportunity to pounce. Wait, wait, pounce! and Gabriel was on the offensive, slashing horizontally, vertically, and diagonally within split seconds of each slash. She caught the lord of demons off guard and within sixty seconds had cut up his arms and torso. She moved in for a final thrust into his chest though in the final moment, Satan roared a mighty roar and blasted her away causing her sword to go sliding away from her. The prey had become the predator, and Satan was not the king of all demons for nothing. He could do things so horrible that it would give the worst person nightmares for years on end. This is the end for me, Gabriel thought. She couldn't have been more wrong.

Satan cried out as a harsh beam of light burnt into his back "Damn it!", cursed looking at the archangel who had burnt his flesh and sapped some powers and not even 10 seconds after, did he feel a sharp pain in his chest. Satan looked down and saw the golden blade of a certain greatsword Protruding from his chest, covered in his crimson ichor. "Begone foul devil, may you never return to the waking world." It was the cold, hard voice of Gabriel that spoke these words. a potentially eternal minute later, Satan felt the blade drawn from his chest and fell to the ground limp, dead.

That was the day that the devil died and was the day that my destiny was determined. My name is Michael Courdroy and this my story.

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